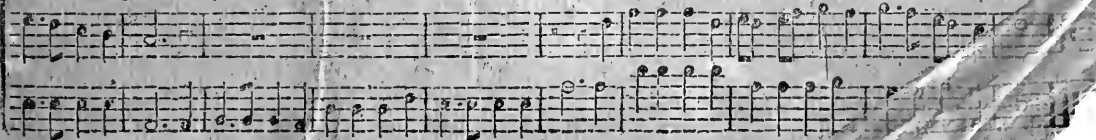


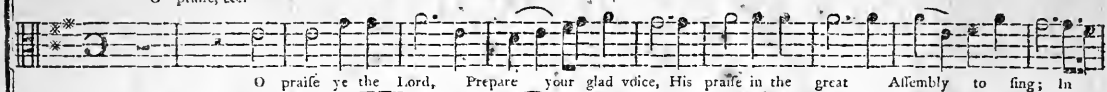


Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist thy heav'nly love, Or trifle with thy blood? 'Tis by the merits of thy death The



Father smiles again; 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men, 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men.







Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep dependence stray'd ; While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

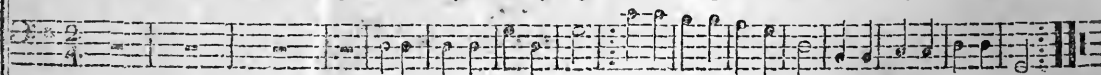
*Elim.* All Sevens.

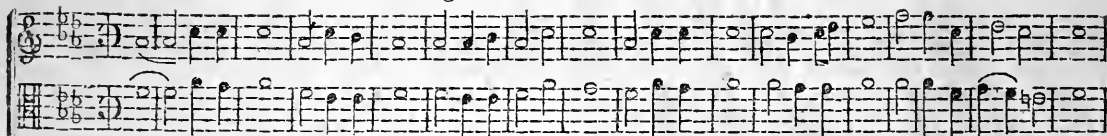
BABCOCK.

Words by Merrick.

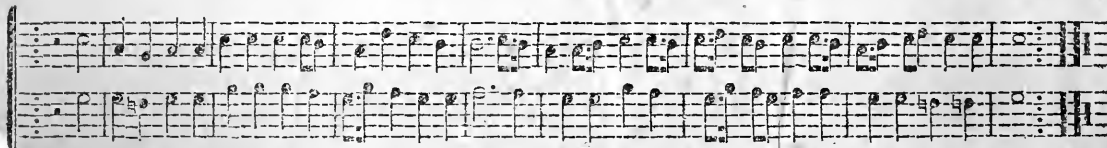
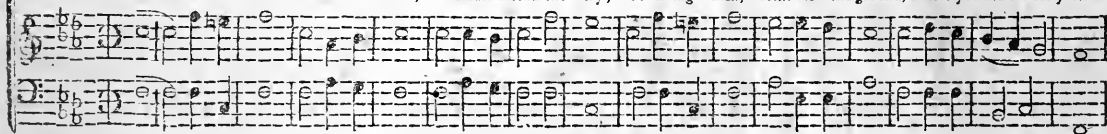


Lift your voice and thankful sing Praises to your heav'nly King ; For his blessings far extend, And his mercy knows no end.



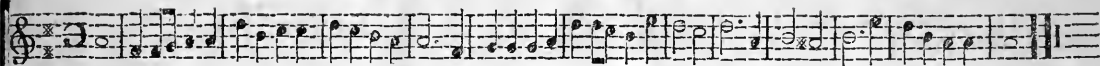


Hark ! from the tombs a mournful sound, Mine ears attend the cry ; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

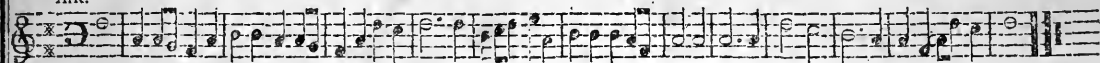


Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs ; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.

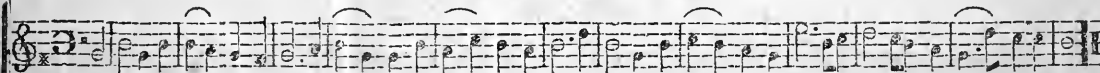
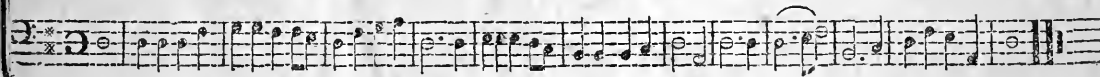




AIR.



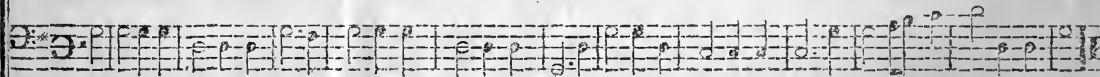
Though not with mortal eyes we see Our dear Emanuel's face; Yet we behold him on the tree By faith, & cry, lo, this is he Who suffer'd our disgrace.



AIR



How sweetly along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen! The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the beautiful green.



Great Father of mankind, We bless the wondrous grace That could for Gentiles find Within thy courts a place. How kind the care Our God displays, For us to raise A house of prayer.

Deerfield:

P. M.

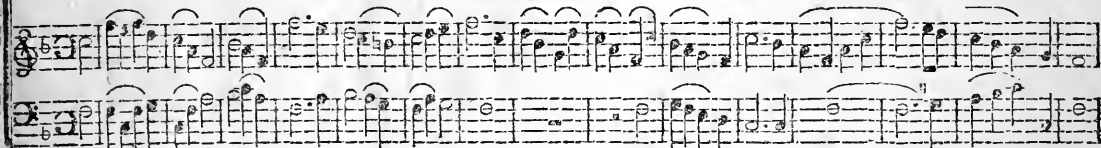
AIR.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; While life and thought and being last,

And when my voice is lost in death, My days of praise shall ne'er be past, Or immortality endures.



The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'n's most high, And underneath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.



On cherub and on cherubim Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.



Hark! from the skies a dreadful sound,
See how the clouds spread o'er the skies; The thunders roar and shake the ground, And fill the

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal
creatures with surprise. The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal hand; At his command th
The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal hand;
The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's Almighty hand; At his command the streams obey, At

hand; At his command the streams obey,
streams obey, And flash along at his command, And flash along at his command.
flash along at his command, &c.

Flanders.

C. M.

BABCOCK.

AIR.
Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, To, &c.

The meadows drest in
The little hills on ev'ry side, Rejoice at falling show'rs, The
The meadows drest in all their pride, Per-
The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with

all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs, Perfume, &c.
meadows drest in all their pride; The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs.
fume the air with flow'rs, The meadows, &c.
flow'rs, The, &c.



The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty:

His



His glories shine With

His glories shine With beams so bright, No

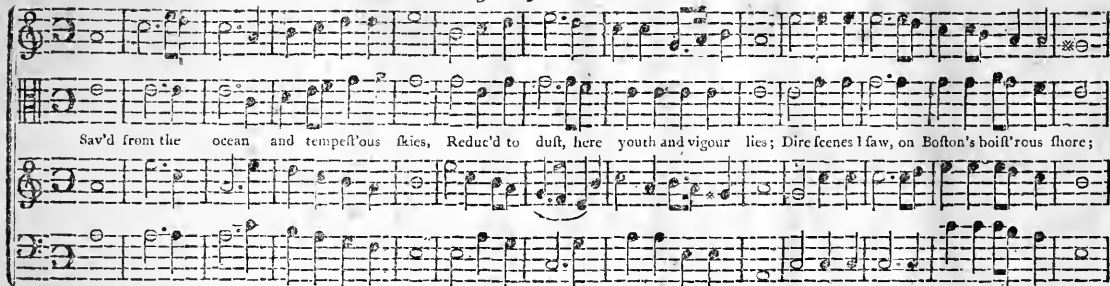


His glories shine With beams so bright,

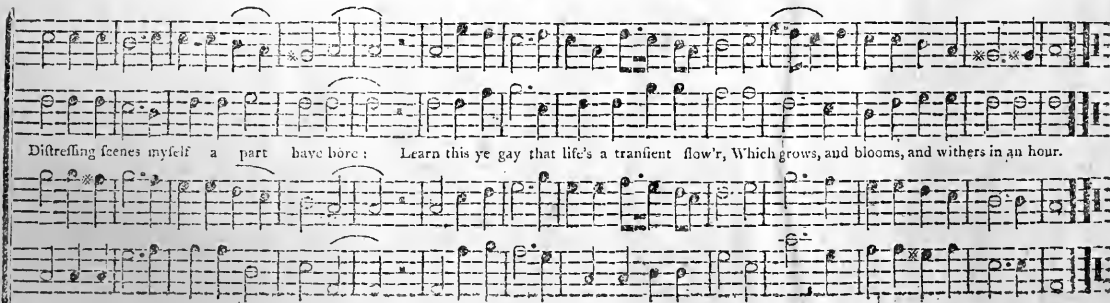
glories shine With beams so bright, No mortal eye Can bear the fight.

beams so bright, His glories &c.

mortal eye can bear the fight,



Sav'd from the ocean and tempestuous skies, Reduc'd to dust, here youth and vigour lies; Dire scenes I saw, on Boston's boist'rous shore;



Distressing scenes myself a part have bore: Learn this ye gay that life's a transient flow'r, Which grows, and blooms, and withers in an hour.

Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

for ev'ry wound, A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.



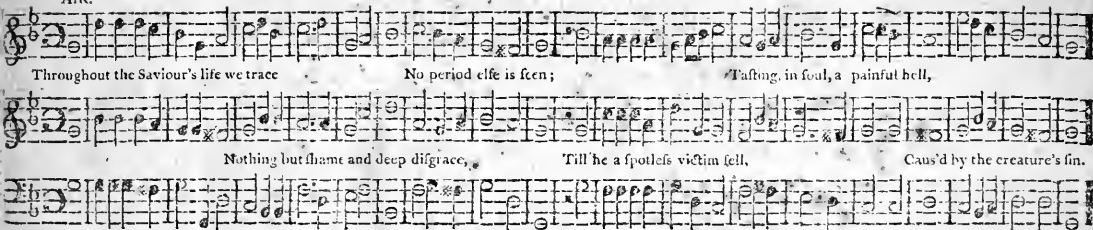
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Creator God ? Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just than he ?



Behold he puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne ; Their natures, when compar'd with his, Are neither holy, just, nor wise.



AIR.



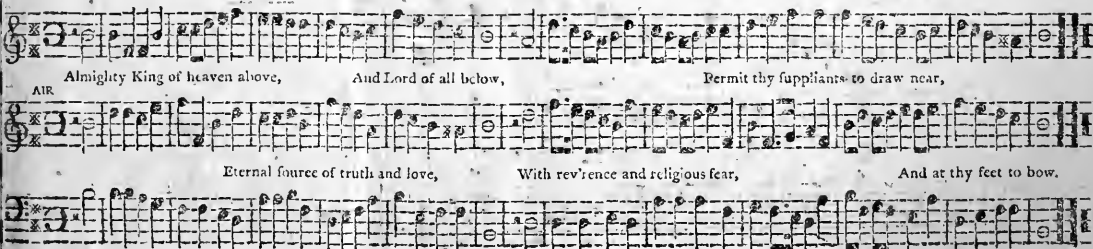
Throughout the Saviour's life we trace No period else is seen; Tasting, in soul, a painful bell,
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace, Till he a spotless victim sell, Caus'd by the creature's sin.

Williamstown.

P. M.

BELKNAP.

AIR.



Almighty King of heaven above, And Lord of all below, Permit thy supplicants to draw near,
 Eternal source of truth and love, With rev'rence and religious fear, And at thy feet to bow.

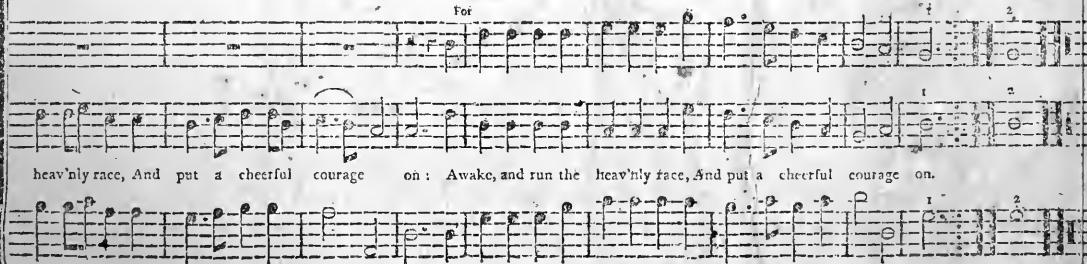
AIR.

Pia



Awake our souls, away our fears; Let every trembling thought begone; Awake, and run the

For



heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on: Awake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To

him that rules the skies. Once more, &c.

Write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write

I heard a voice from heav'n saying unto me saying unto me, write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write, write

Blessed are the dead, blessed are the dead,

Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

Even so, Even, so saith the spirit, For they rest, For they rest, For they rest, for they

For they rest, &c.

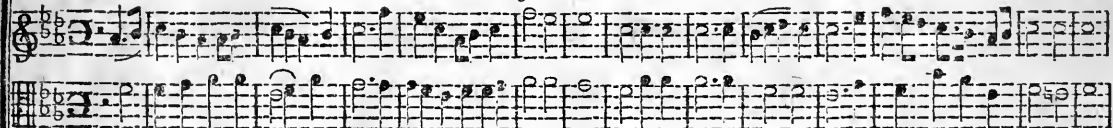
Soft.

Loud.



rest from their labours and their works do follow them, their works do follow them. And their works do follow them.

'Tis finish'd ! fo the Saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd. 'Tis finish'd ; yes, the


race is run. The battle's fought, the vict'ry won. 'Tis finish'd ; yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

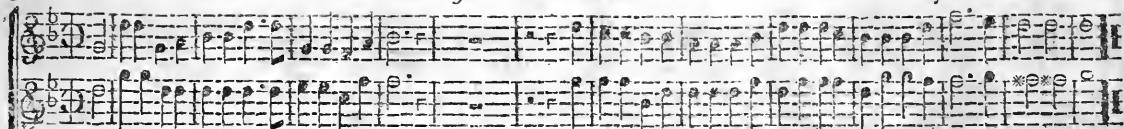


Lord, I am vile conceiv'd in sin, And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts the race and taints us all.

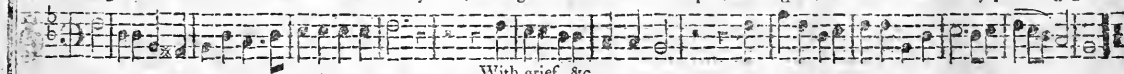


No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest, Nor running brook, nor flood nor sea, Can wash the dismal stains away.

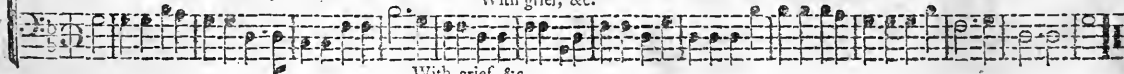




Great King in Zion, Lord of all, We bow before thy face ; With grief we own our follies past, With grief, &c. And seek thy pard'ning grace.



With grief, &c.



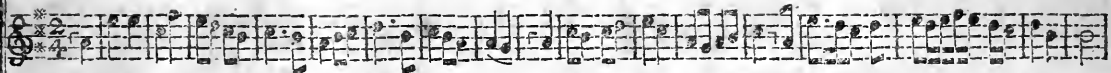
With grief, &c.

2 While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,
May love divine inspire our songs,
And fill our souls with light.

3 Near to thy seat would we approach,
And find acceptance there.
Jesus, by thy own sacrifice,
Present our ardent prayer.

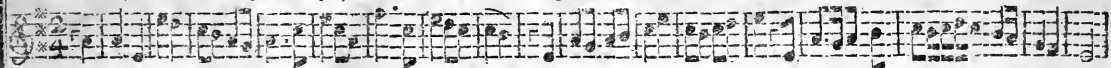
4 A grateful tribute, Lord, inspire,
For all thy mercies past :
Let goodness crown each future day,
While months and years shall last.

5 Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly favour'd land
Be thou our never failing friend,
And guide us by thine hand.



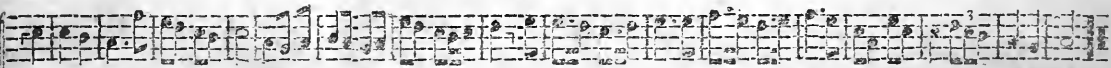
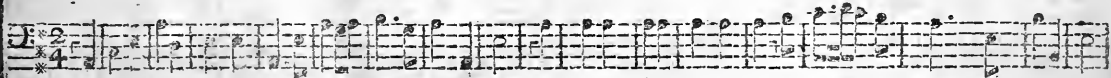
AIR. Praise ye the Lord, let praise employ,

The spacious firmament around



In his own courts your songs of joy,

Shall echo back the joyful sound.



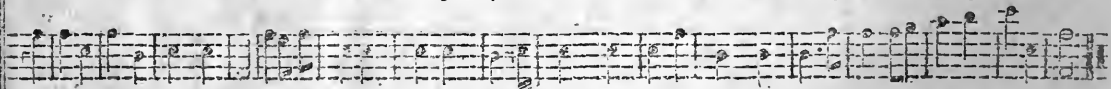
Recount his works in strains divine,

Praise him for all his mighty deeds,



His wondrous works, how bright they shine!

Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.



His

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue, His new discover'd grace demands A new and nobler

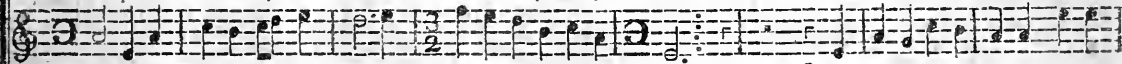
new, &c. His new, &c.

fong. His new discover'd grace demands A new, A new and nobler fong.

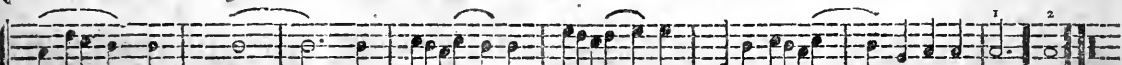


Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eternity thy love ;

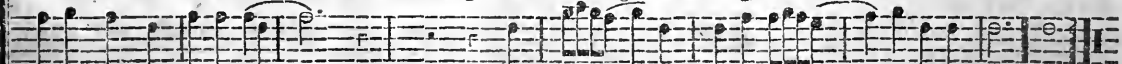
Firm



Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling



When rolling, rolling, rolling, &c.



When rolling, rolling years shall cease to move.



Thy lips with blessings overflow, Thy lips, &c.

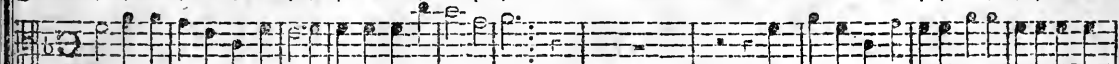
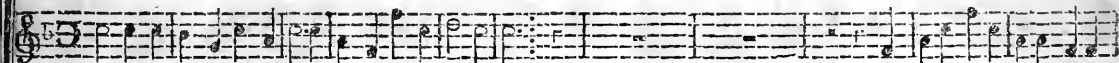
My Saviour and my King, Thy beauties are divine, Thy lips with blessings overflow, Thy lips, &c. And

Thy lips with blessings overflow, And every grace is thine.

Thy lips, &c.

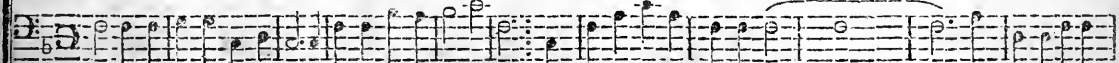
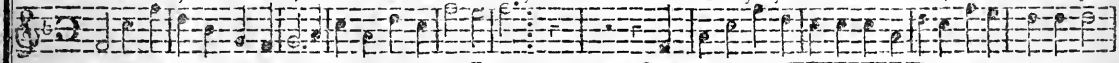
every grace is thine. And every grace is thine. And every grace is thine.

Thy lips, &c.

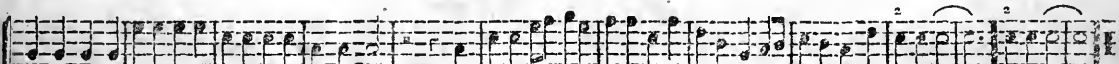


Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of



O may my heart in tune be found,



O may my heart, &c.



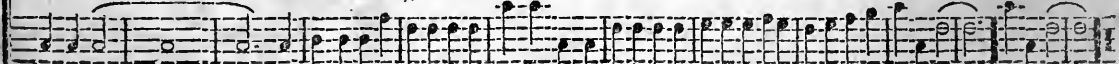
solemn found. O may my heart, &c.

O may, &c.

Like David's harp, &c.



O may, &c.



O may, &c.



My feet shall never slide, Nor fall in fatal snares, Since God, my guard and guide, Defends me from my fears.

Those

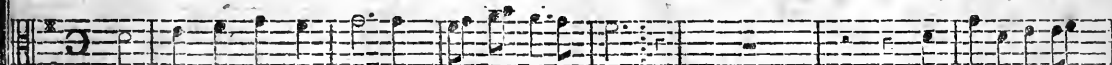
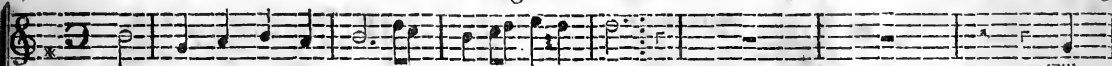
Those wakeful eyes That



Those wakeful eyes, &c.

Those wakeful eyes, That never sleep, Shall Israel keep, When dangers rise.

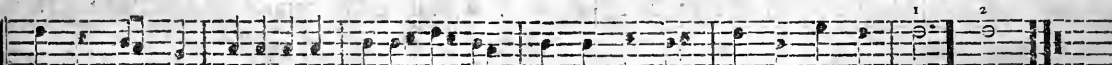
never sleep, That never sleep, Those wakeful eyes, &c.



Far be thine honour spread, And long thy praise endure,

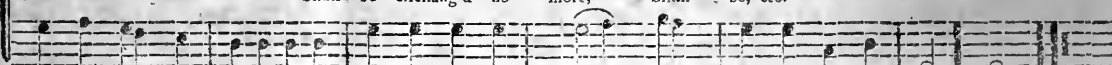


Till morning light and evening shade, Till, &c.



morning light and evening shade, Till, &c.

Shall be exchang'd no more.





With rev'rence let the fairs appear, And bow before the Lord ; His high commands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word.

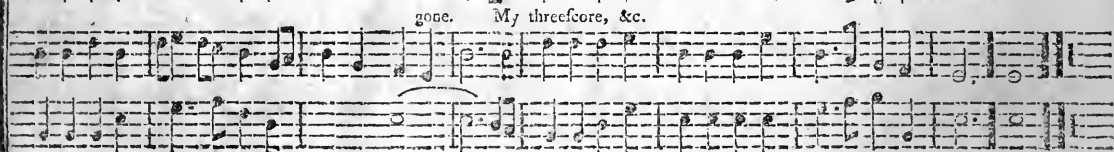
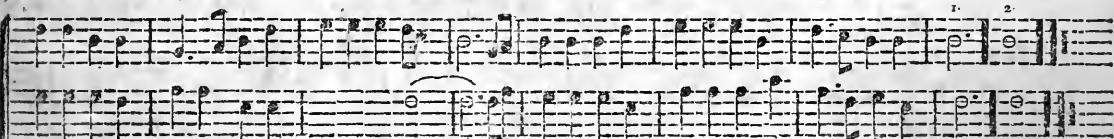


Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boist'rous deep, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep.





The evening shades of life Have stretch'd themselves along, My threescore years are almost fled, And like an evening gone. My threescore, &c.





And can this mighty King Of glory condescend, And will he write his name My Father and my Friend!



Pia.

For.



I love his name. I love his word, Join all my powers To praise the Lord.

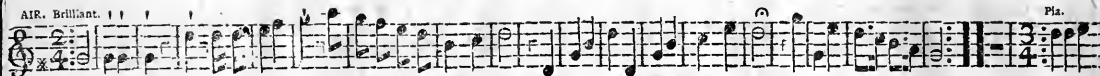


The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel: He knows our feeble frame. He

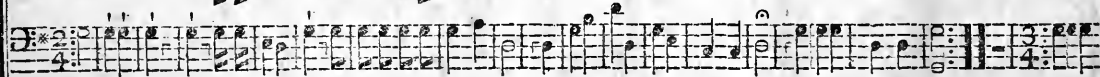
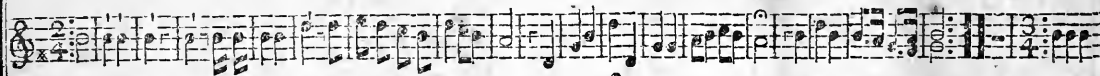
knows we are but dust, Scatter'd with ev'ry breath: His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

AIR. Brilliant.

Pla.



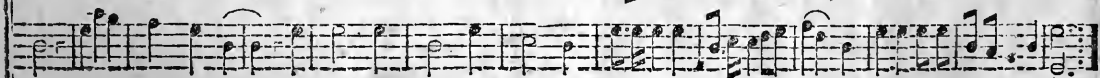
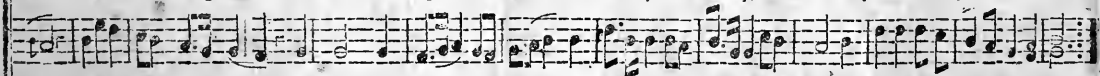
Hail, glorious day, hail, the assembled throng, To dedicate this sacred dome; From ev'ry heart let grateful incense rise, Before Jehovah's throne. Angels, de-



Tutt.



scend, touch each vibrating heart, And on the golden wire of melody, of melody, Conduct our praises to the palace of our God.



Affettuoso.

O God of love, O God of love, shine with celestial rays of truth divine on pilgrim souls; Grant us a convey of consoling love, To guide us to the

Vigorous.

mansions of eternal bliss.

Hail, hail, hail, hail, Jesus hail, Hail n's first-born! Look down with smiling love on this delightful day. Accept the grateful

Anthem Continued.

Tutt. *Atf* *Gently. One voice.*

homage of our souls. For thee we built, to thee we dedicate this temple, to thee we dedicate this temple. Here may the humble.

Tutt. *Fortissimo.*

soul repair, And catch the melting sounds of gospel truth. Here shall the infidel hear his doom, And tremble as he hears. While loud re-echos the Almighty's praise.

Anthem Continued.

53

Gently.

From ev'ry aged mouth shall virtue's anthem flow ;.

Each infant tongue shall lisp a hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, to his parent's God.

Tutti.

Vigoroso.

Rise, rise, rise, ye souls, harmonious, Strike the heav'n-strung lyre of praise, Join in melodious concert, and chant, and chant, and chant, and

Anthem Continued.

Tutt.

chant eternal hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, and chant eternal hallelujahs to the Lord.

hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs,

A View of the Temple---a Masonic Ode.

BELKNAP.

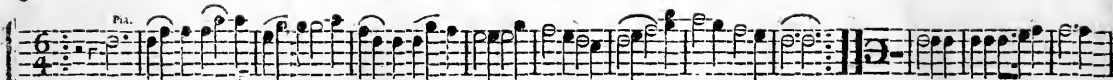
Sacred to heav'n, behold the dome appears; Lo, what august solemnity it wears; Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the frame, And beauteous

Sheba shall report its fame. When the queen of the South shall return, To the climes which acknowledge her sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely

burn, The princess with transport shall say, Well worthy my journey, I've seen A monarch, both grateful and wife, Deserving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the

skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares, With equal sense your happiness and cares, Of riches much, but more of wisdom, see, Proportion'd workmanship and masonry.

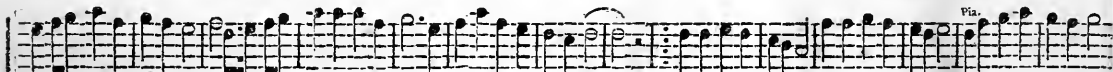
Pia.



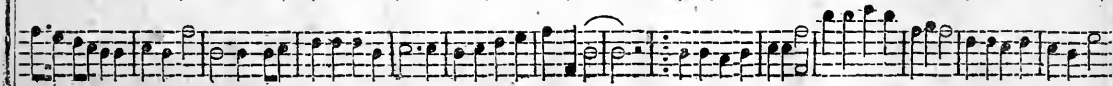
O, charming Sheba, there behold What massy stores of burnish'd gold, Yet richer is our art, Yet richer is our art: Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our



Pia.



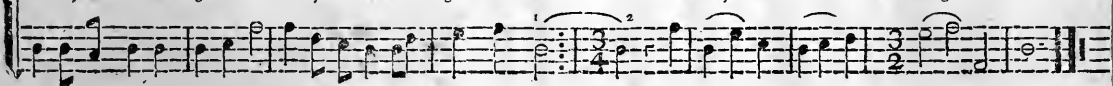
art to raise, our hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our art to raise, our hearts to join. Give to Mafoury the prize, Where the fairest choose the wife: Beauty still should wisdom love,



Cres.



Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above.



Mod.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains the melody for the first line of the hymn. The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains the melody for the second line. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Hail, thou once despised Jesus! Thou didst free salvation bring; By thy death, thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The middle staff continues the melody. The bottom staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour! Thou didst bear our sin and shame: By thy merit we find favour; Life is given through thy name.

H

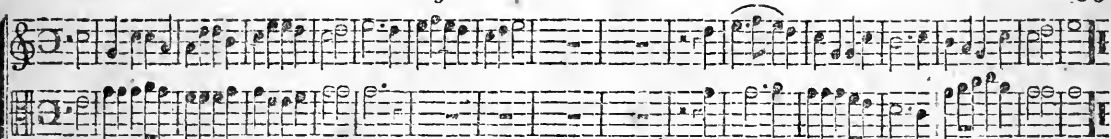
I hear a voice of woe! I hear a brother's sigh! Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love mine eye.

1st. TREBLE.

I hear the thirsty cry! The hungry beg for bread! Then let my spring its stream supply, My hand its bounty shed.

2d. TREBLE.

I hear the thirsty cry! The hungry beg for bread! Then let my spring its stream supply, My hand its bounty shed.



Sweet is the work, my God my King, 'To praise thy name give thanks and sing, 'To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night, 'To shew thy love, &c.



Roxbury.

S. M.

BELKNAP.



My sorrows, like a flood, Impatient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.



Mod. Pia. For.

AIR.

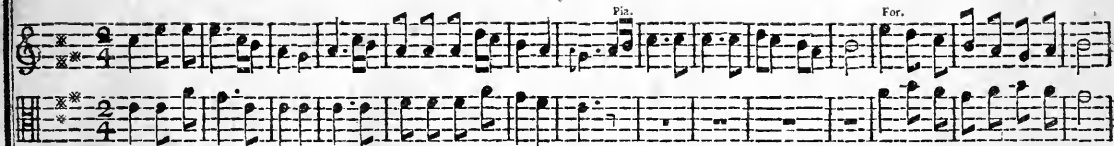
This day is God's, let all the land Exalt their cheerful voice : Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, And make us still rejoice.

Then

Then open, &c.

Then open wide the temple gates, To which the just repair, That I may enter in, and praise My great Deliv'rer there.

open wide, &c.



Now for a tune of lofty praise, To great Jehovah's equal Son; Awake my voice in heav'nly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.



Tell the loud wonders he hath done. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And the bright robes he wore above; How



For.

Swift and joyful was his flight On wings of everlasting love. How swift, &c.

Holliston.

S. M.

BELKNAP.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord Bid ev'ry string awake.

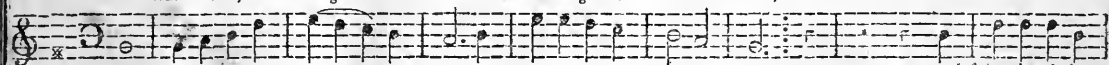
Loud to, &c.

Loud to, &c.

Loud to, &c. Bid ev'ry, &c.



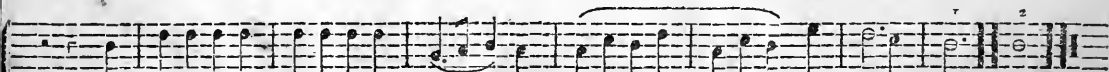
Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode becomes the grandeur of a God; In-



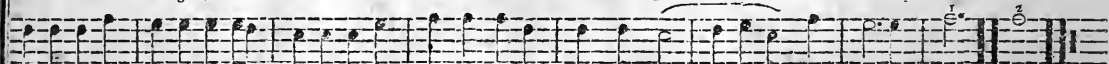
Infinite lengths be-



Infinite lengths, &c.



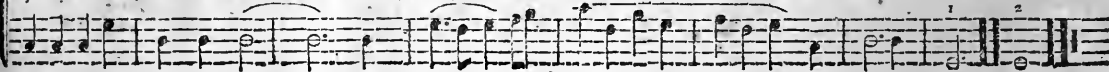
Infinite lengths, &c.



finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.



yond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.

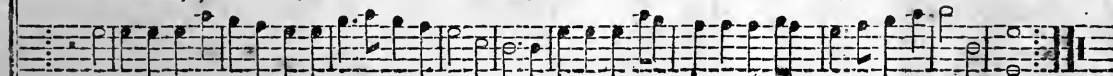




Not to condemn the sons of men, Did Christ the Son of God appear ; No weapons in his hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thunder there.



Such was the pity of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well ; He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

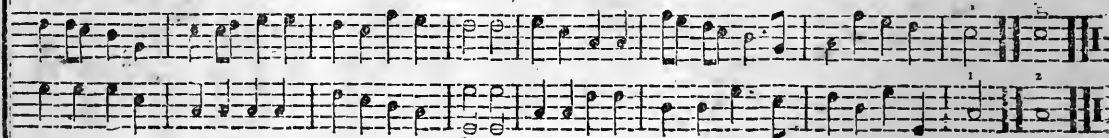




My Saviour God, no voice but thine These dying hopes can raise, Speak thy salvation to my soul, And turn these tears to praise. My



Saviour God, this broken voice Transported shall proclaim, And call on all th' angelic harps To sound so sweet a name,



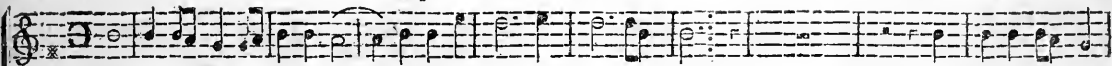


Not from the dust affliction grows, Nor troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A sad inheritance.



As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are upwards borne, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn.





Pia.

Aurora veils her lovely face When brighter Phœbus takes her place; So glad will grace re-

For.

sign her room, To glory, in the heav'nly home. To, &c.

1 2

1 2

1 2

1 2

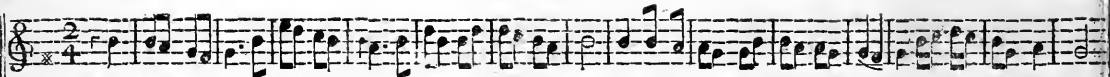


Farewel, bright soul, a short farewel, 'Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.



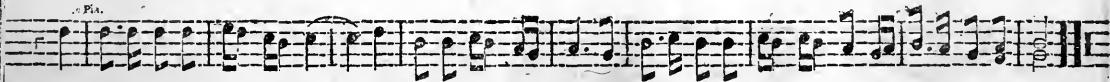
Now clouds the wintry skies deform, In fullen vengeance roars the storm; The snow which from yon mountain falls, The snow which from yon mountain falls, Loads leafless trees, and fills the vales.





When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How sweet the vernal day.

AIR.



Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice.



See where he sits, See where he sits to

See where he languish'd on the cross; Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd:

See where he sits to

See where, &c.

See where, &c.

See where he sits to plead my cause, See where, &c.

plead my cause, By his Almighty Father's side.

plead my cause, By his Almighty Father's side. By his Almighty Father's side.

By his Almighty Father's side.

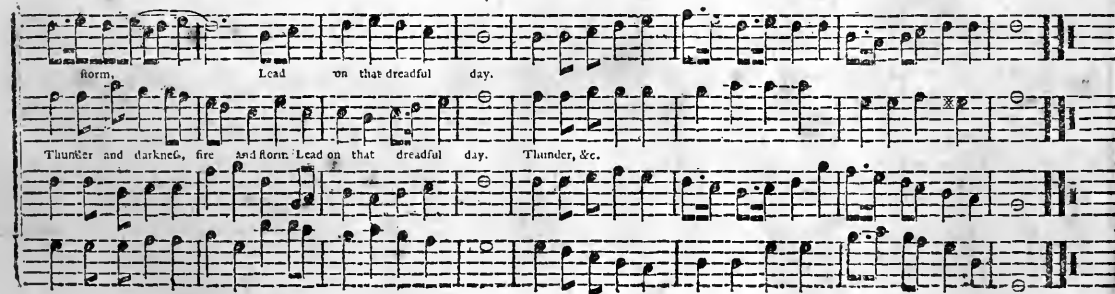
By his Almighty Father's side.



Thun'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way; Thunder and darkness, fire and form,

Thunder and darkness, fire and form Lead on that dreadful day.

Thunder and darkness, fire and form Lead on that dreadful day.



form, Lead on that dreadful day.

Thunder and darkness, fire and form Lead on that dreadful day. Thunder, &c.

He sends his word and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn :

He calls, &c.

He calls the warmer gales to blow, He, &c.

Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes. The word 'He' appears at the end of the second staff and at the beginning of the fourth staff.

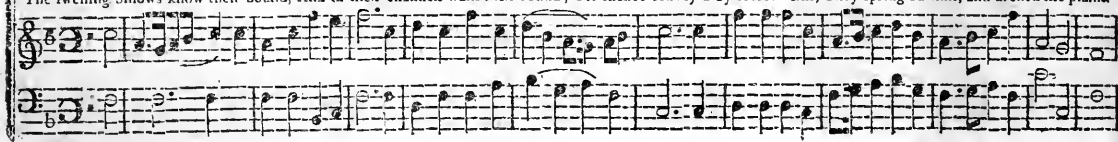
calls the warmer gales to blow, w,

And bids the spring return,

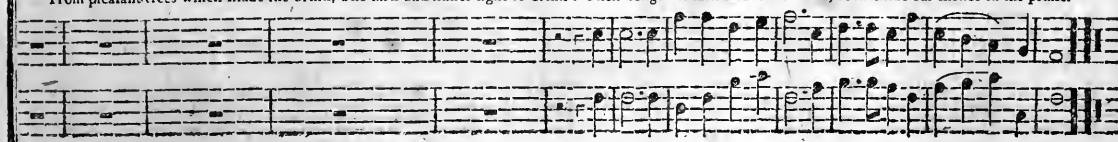
Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves. The word 'w,' appears at the end of the first staff. The word 'And' appears at the beginning of the second staff. The word 'spring' appears in the third staff. The word 'return,' appears at the end of the third staff. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' at the end of the fourth staff.

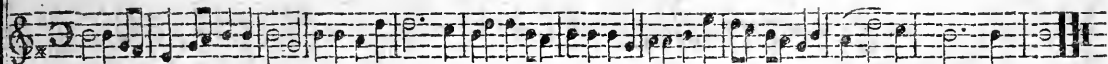


The swelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by secret veins, They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

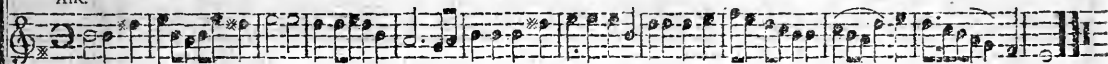


From pleasant trees which shade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink: Their songs the lark and linnet raise, And chide our silence in his praise.





AIR.



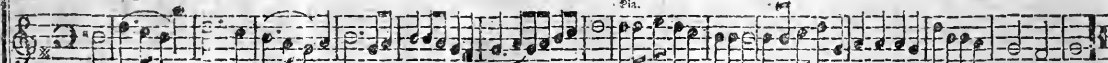
A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time! Man is but vanity and dust, Man is but vanity and dust, In all his flow'r and prime.



New Bedford.

L. M.

Pia.

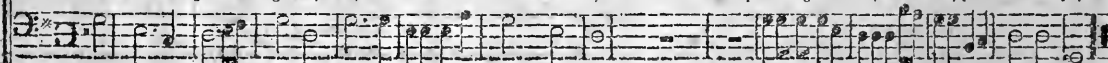


Wide as he spreads his golden flame,

AIR.



Father of light! we sing thy name, Who made the sun to rule the day: Wide as he spreads his golden flame, His beams thy pow'r and love display.



Almighty love, &c.

Now shall my inward joys arise, And burst into a song; Almighty love inspires my heart, And

Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c. Al-

Almighty love, &c.

pleasure tunes my tongue. Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c. And pleasure, &c.

mighty love, &c. Almighty love, &c.



The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Through distant



worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.



Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapour flies! Man is a tender transient flow'r, That in the blooming dies.

Valediction.

L. M.

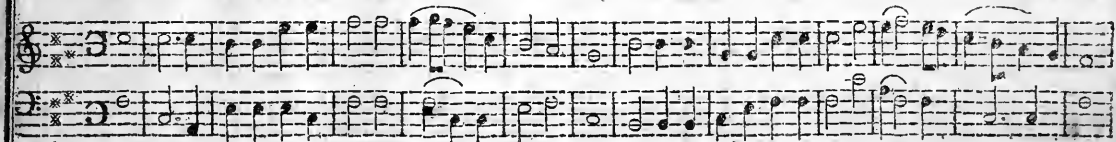
BELKNAP.

Farewel, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, 'Till I a better world can view.

I'll take my staff and travel on,



My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.



And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hollow gaping tomb, This gloomy prison waits for you, When'er the summons come,

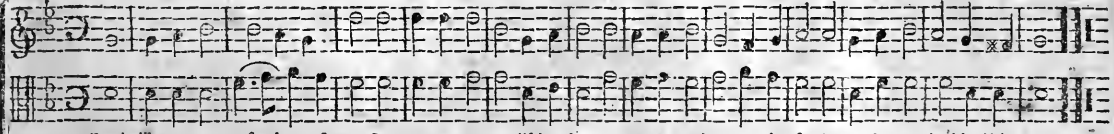




Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms; 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.



Hopkinton. L. M. *Wood.*



Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.





Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home.



Ma.

Cres.



They shall find rest who learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.

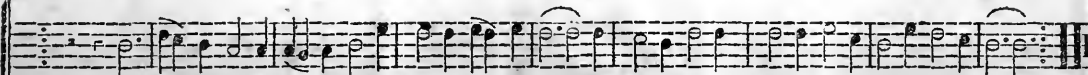
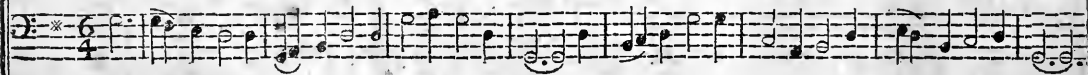




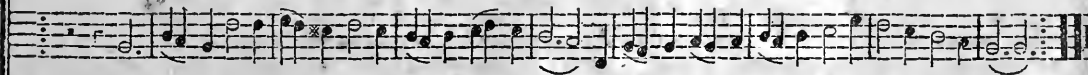
AIR.



O, were I like a feather'd dove! If innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long remove From all these restless things.



Let me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home, Where storms of malice never blow, Temptations never come.





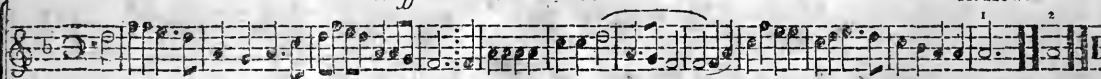
Awake, our drowsy souls! Shake off each fleshful band! The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand. Auspicious morn! Thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, In songs of praise. Bright, &c.



Dissolution.

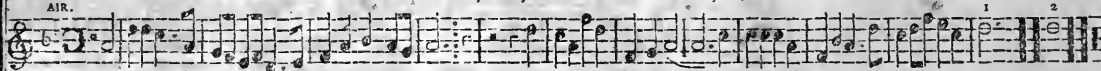
C. M.

A. How.

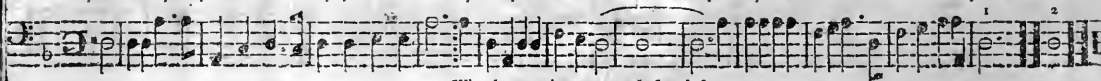


Why do my minutes move so slow? Why do, &c.

AIR.

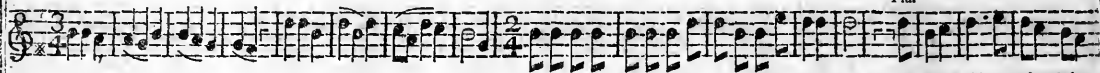


Death may dissolve my body now, And bear my spirit home; Why do my minutes move so slow? Why do my minutes move so slow? Nor my salvation come.

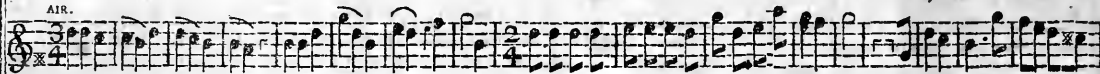


Why do my minutes move so slow? &c.

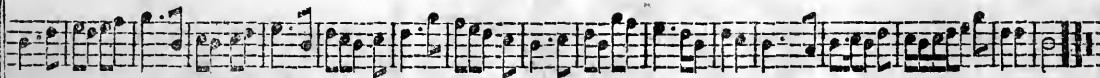
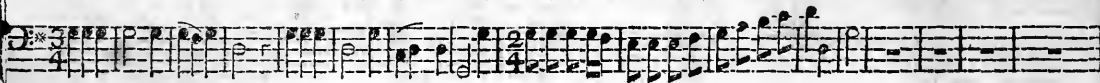
Pia.



Beyond this curtain of the



Descend, ye hosts of angels bright, And bear me on your guardian wings, Through regions of celestial light, Above the reach of earthly things.



sky, Up where eternal ages roll!



Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul. And fruits immortal feast the soul.





Thee, we adore, eternal Name, And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!



Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As months and days increase; And ev'ry beating pulse we tell, Leaves but the number less.



A three-part musical score in G major, C major time. The first part is a treble clef melody. The second part is an alto clef melody. The third part is a bass clef melody. The lyrics are: "Far from our friends and country dear, In hostile lands we moan: No tender hand to wipe the tear Which flows with ev'ry groan! No tender hand, &c." The word "AIR." is written below the first line of music.

Far from our friends and country dear, In hostile lands we moan: No tender hand to wipe the tear Which flows with ev'ry groan! No tender hand, &c.

AIR.

Gospen.

C. M.

A four-part musical score in G major, C major time. The parts are: Treble clef, Alto clef, Bass clef, and a fourth part (likely Tenor clef). The lyrics are: "He comes, the royal Conq'r comes, His legions fill the sky; Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh." The word "Gospen." is written above the first line of music. The word "Angelic, &c." appears three times below the music. The words "And, &c." appear twice below the music. The score includes first and second endings for the final phrase.

He comes, the royal Conq'r comes, His legions fill the sky; Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh.

Angelic, &c.

Angelic, &c.

And, &c.

Angelic, &c.

And, &c.

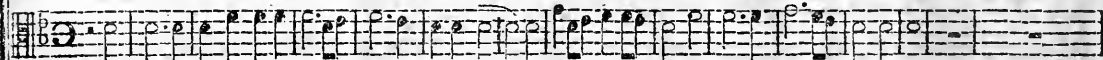
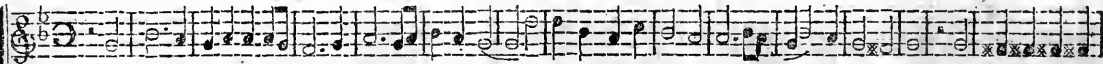


The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of state are strength and majesty: This wide creation rose at his command,

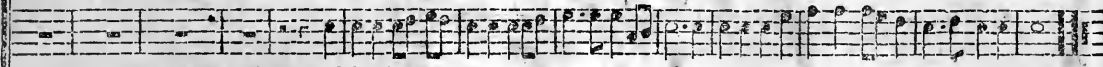
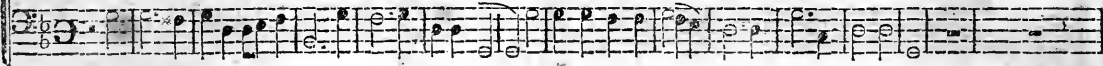
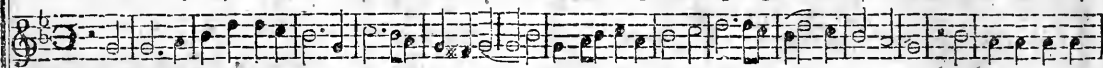


Built by his word and stablish'd by his hand. Long stood his throne e'er he began creation, And his own Godhead is its firm foundation.





And must my body faint and die, And must this soul remove? Oh, for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe above. Jesus, into thy



faithful hand, My naked soul I trust; And my flesh waits for thy command, To drop into the dust. And my flesh waits for thy command, To drop into the dust.



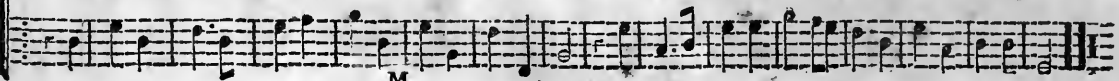
AIR.



Indulgent God, with pitying eyes, The sons of men survey, And see how youthful sinners sport In a destructive way.

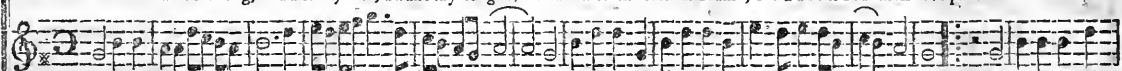


Ten thousand dangers lurk around To bear them to the tomb, Each in an hour may plunge them down Where hope can never come.

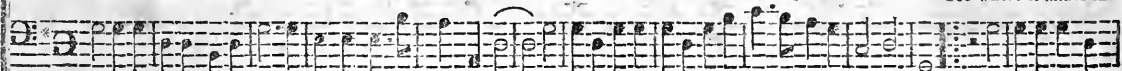




Now to the Lord a noble song, Awake my soul, awake my tongue, Hosanna to th' eternal Name, And all his boundless love proclaim.



See where it shines in

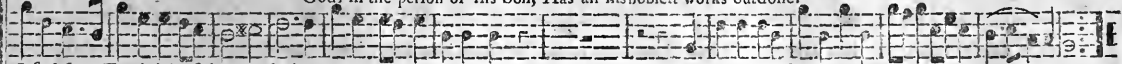


Pia.

For.



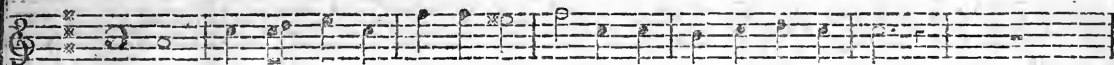
God, in the person of his Son, Has all his noblest works outdone.



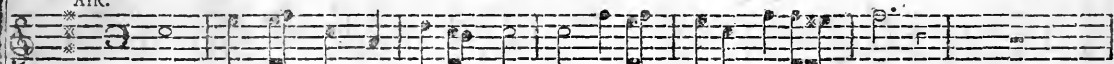
Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace,

God, in the person, &c.

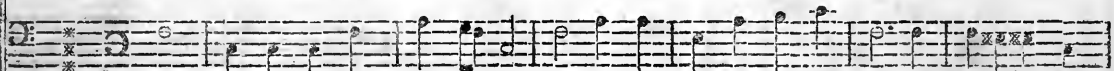




AIR.



Who is this fair one in distress, That travels from the wilderness?



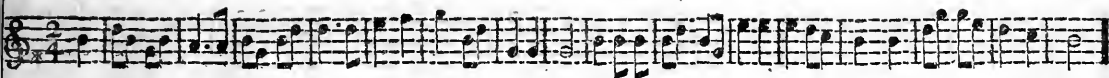
And preft with sorrows



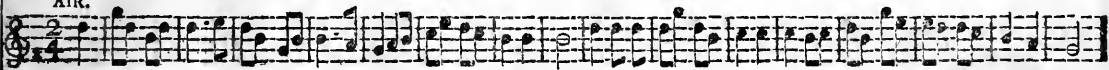
And preft with sorrows and with fins, And preft with sorrows and with fins, On her beloved Lord she leans.



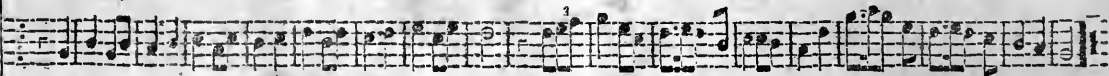




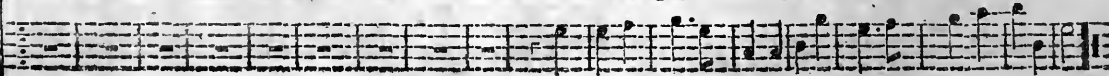
AIR.



The voice of my beloved sounds, Over the rocks and rising grounds, O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief He leaps, he flies to my relief.

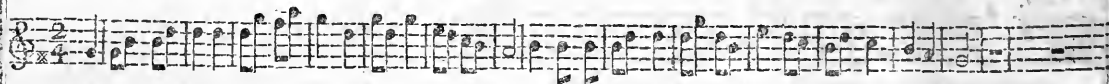


Now through the veil of flesh I see, With eyes of love he looks at me, And in the gospel's clearest glass, He shews the beauties of his face.





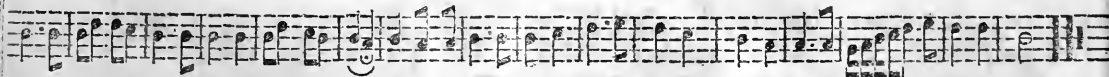
AIR.



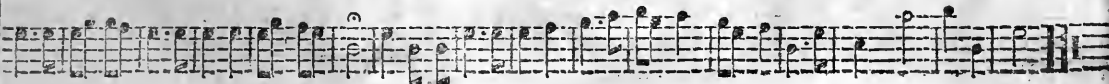
These glorious minds, how bright they shine, Whence all their white array ? How came they to the happy seats Of everlasting day ? From tort'ring



For.



pains to endless joys On fiery wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying blood. In, &c.



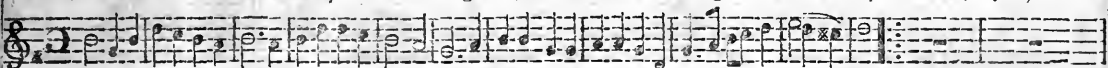
Pia.



AIR.

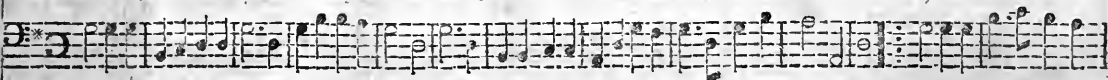
I feel my Saviour's cheering voice,

And longs to join immortal lays. Hold me, O Jesus, in thine



Now can my soul in God rejoice,

My heart awakes to sing his praise,



Pia.

For.

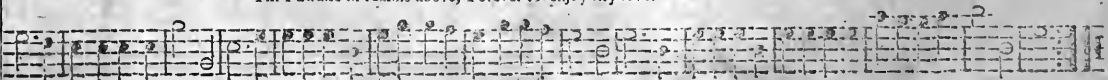


arms, And cheer me with immortal charms,

Till I awake, &c.



Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love.





The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before, &c.

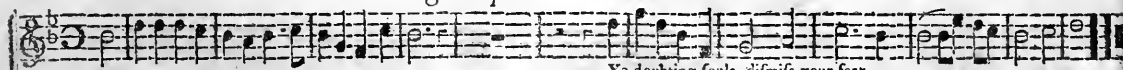
Or walk the golden streets.



Reviving Hope.

C. M.

HOLDEN.



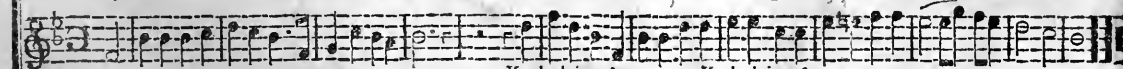
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,



The Saviour calls, let every ear Attend the heavenly sound ;

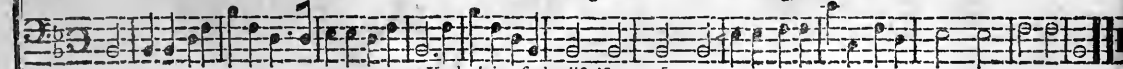
Ye doubting, &c.

Hope smiles reviving round.



Ye doubting, &c.

Ye doubting, &c.

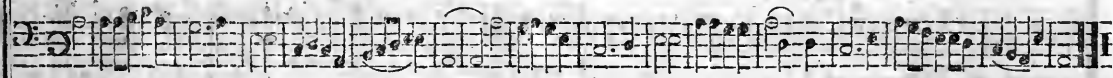


Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,

AIR.



God is a king of pow'r unknown : Firm are the orders of his throne ; If he resolve, who dare oppose ? If he resolve, &c. Or ask him why or what he does ?



Fryeburgh. L. M.

ALBEE.

AIR.

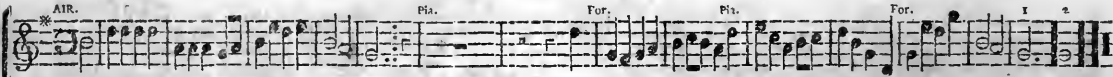
Pia.

For.

Pia.

For.

1 2



Join all the names of love and pow'r,

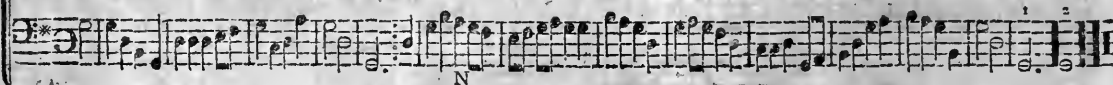
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

Or set Immanuel's glory forth.



That ever men or angels wore : All are too mean to speak his worth,

All are too mean to speak his worth,



N

AIR.

Glory and honour be to thee, Thee we revere, and thee adore; In mercy infinite and pow'r.

Thou self-existing Deity: In mercy infinite and pow'r.

Cornish.

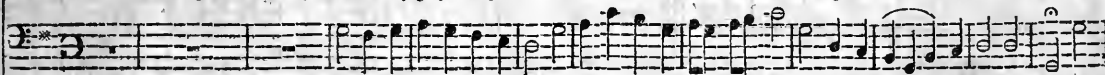
L. M.

High on a hill of dazzling light, The King of glory spreads his feat; And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight, Stand waiting at his awful feet.

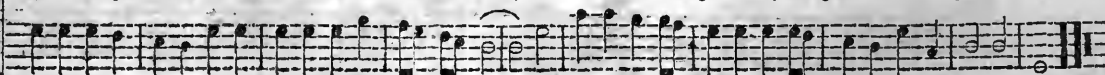
AIR.



So let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine To prove the doctrine all divine. Thus



shall we best proclaim abroad The honours of our Saviour God; When the salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.



Whole anger is fo

My foul repeat his praise, Whole mercies are so great; Whole anger is fo flow to

Whole anger is fo flow to rise, So ready to a-

Whole anger, &c.

flow to rise, Whole anger is fo flow to rise,

rise, So ready to abate.

bate. Whole anger is fo flow to rise.

Consummation.

S. M.

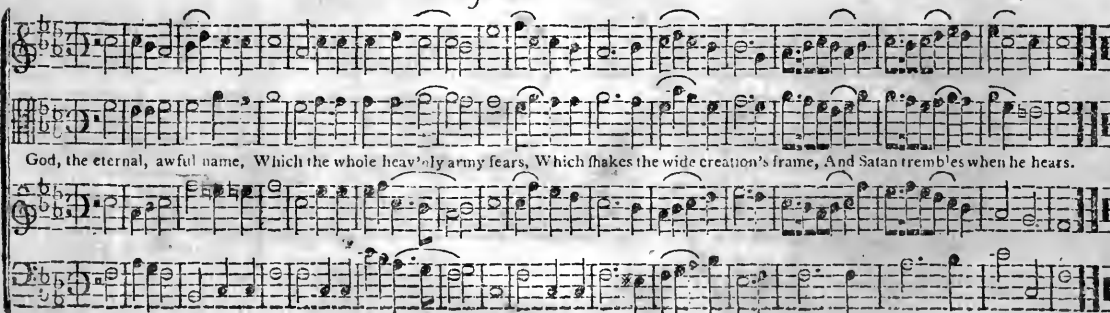
BELKNAP.

101

*Pittsford.*

L. M.

BELKNAP.





Begin the high celestial strain, My ravish'd soul, and sing A solemn hymn of grateful praise, To heav'n's Almighty King.

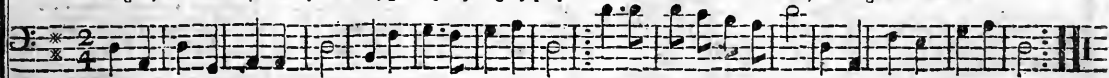


Ye circling mountains, as ye roll Your silver waves along, Whisper to all your verdant shores, Whisper to all, &c. The subject of my song.





Angels, roll the stone away : Death, give up thy mighty prey : See! he rises from the tomb, Shining in immortal bloom.



Dover.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

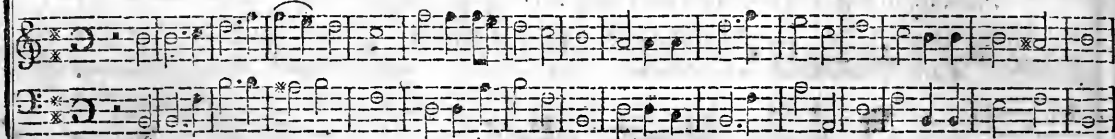


Naked as from the earth we came, And erept to life at first ; We to the earth return again, And mingle with our dust, And mingle with our dust,





Dear Lord! behold our fore distress; Our sins attempt to reign; Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace, And let thy foes be slain.



The lion with his dreadful roar, Affrights thy feeble sheep; Reveal the glory of thy pow'r, And chain him to the deep.





Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise.



Welcome to this re-

Welcome to this, &c.



Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.



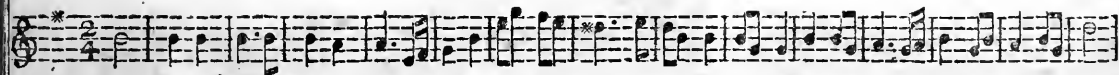
viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, And these rejoicing eyes.

There is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with eternal day; Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And

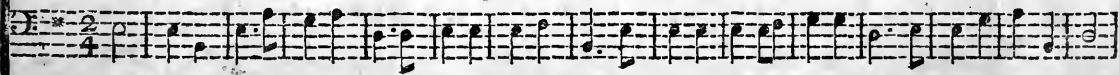
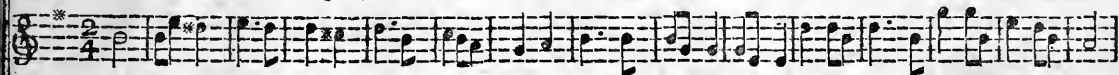
This block contains the first system of the hymn. It features two staves of music. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff is an alto clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the hymn: "There is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with eternal day; Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And".

God's own word reveals the way. Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And God's own word reveals the way,

This block contains the second system of the hymn. It features two staves of music. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff is an alto clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the second line of the hymn: "God's own word reveals the way. Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And God's own word reveals the way,". The word "For." is written above the first staff of this system.

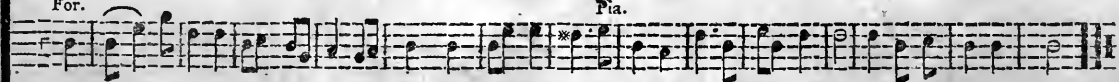


AIR. Our sins, alas ! how strong they be, And like a raging sea ; They break our duty, Lord to thee, And hurry us away.

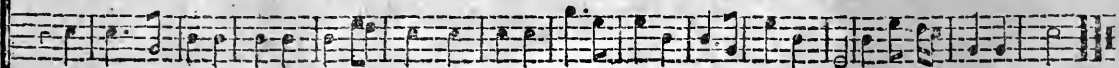


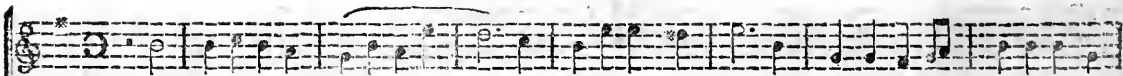
For.

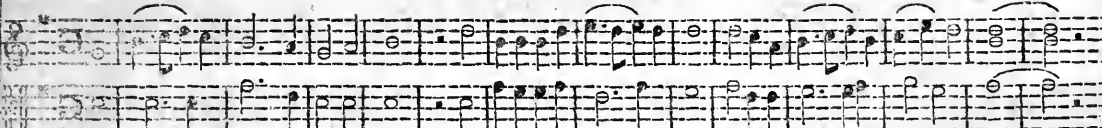
Pia.





The waves of trouble how they rise, How loud the tempests roar ! But death shall land our weary souls Safe on the heavenly shore.



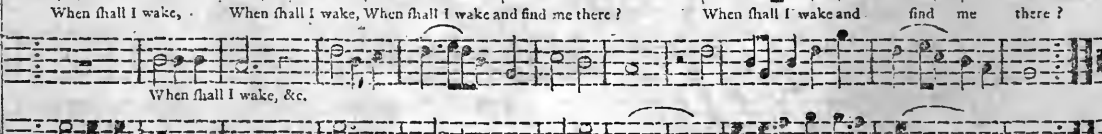




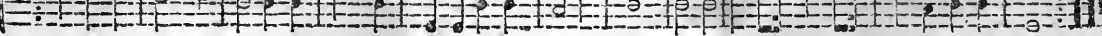
This life's a dream an empty show ; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere ;



When shall I wake, When shall I wake, When shall I wake and find me there ? When shall I wake and find me there ?



When shall I wake, &c.




The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

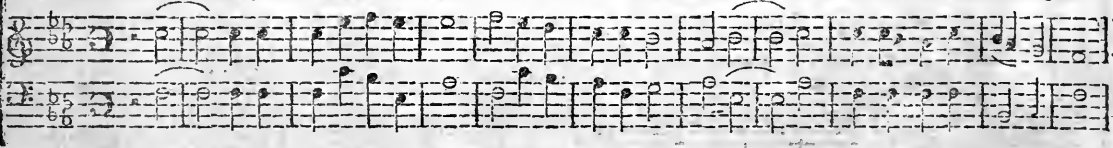
The law by Moses came, But peace and truth and love, Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. It includes the same vocal and piano parts as the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves.


Were brought by Christ, a nobler name, Descending from above. Were brought, &c. Descending, &c.



Think, . mighty God, on feeble man ; How few his hours, how short his span ; Short from the cradle : to the grave.



Who can secure his vital breath, Against the bold demand of death, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save ? With skill to fly, or pow'r to save ?



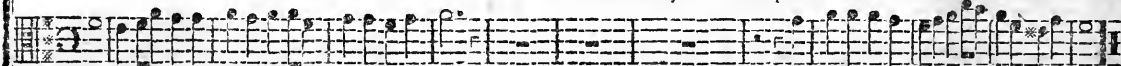
Penobscot.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

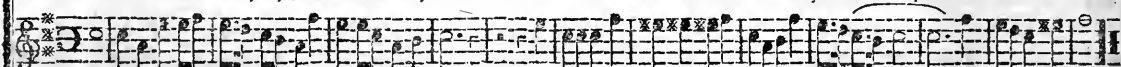


I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.

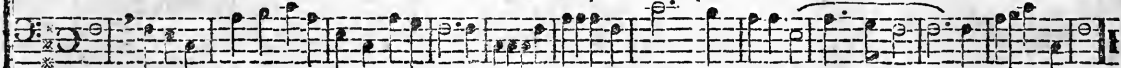


Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame !

I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.



I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.

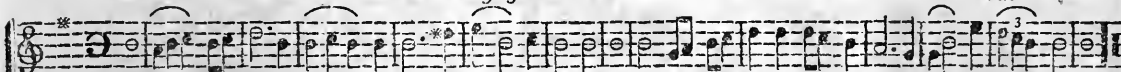


I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

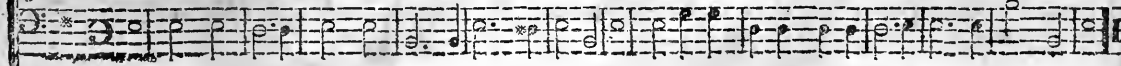
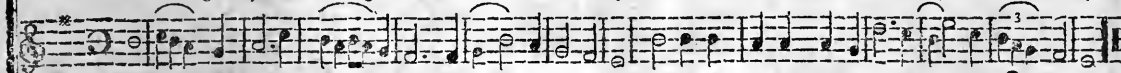
Belfast.

C. M.

BELKNAP.



With flowing eyes and bleeding hearts, A fallen world survey ; See the wide ruin sin has made In one unhappy day.



AIR.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause; Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Or let my hope be lost.

P.



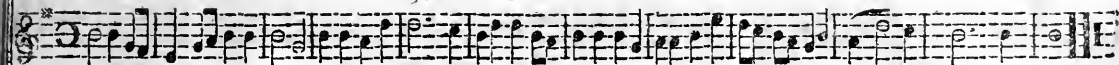
Air, And spread the joyful tidings round, Let every soul with transport hear
Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound, Let every soul with transport hear, And hail the Lord's accepted year, And hail, &c.

Trenton.

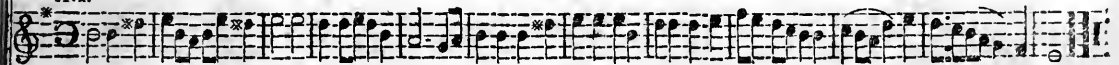
C. M.



Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul; I sink, and sorrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll.



AIR.



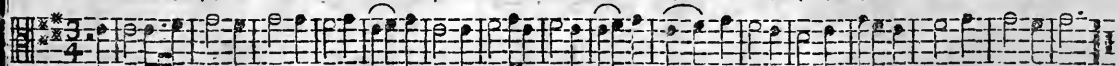
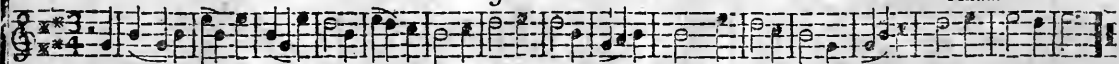
A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time? Man is but vanity and dust, Man, &c.

In all his flow'r and prime.

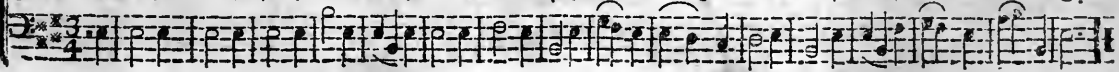
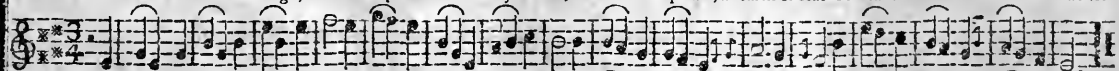


No. 30. L. M.

MANN.



Great is the Lord exalted high, Above all powers and every throne, Whate'er he please, in earth or seas Or heaen or hell his hand hath done.



Air. Moderate.



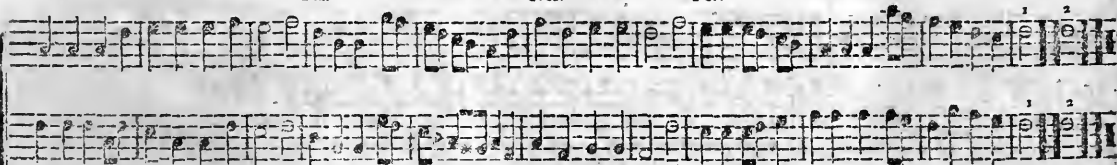
Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day. This day be grateful



Pia.

Cres.

For.



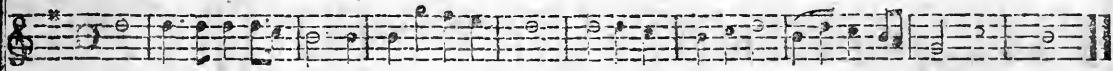
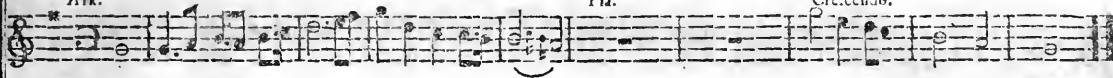
homage paid And loud hosannas sung, Let gladness dwell on every heart, And praise on every tongue, Let gladness, &c.



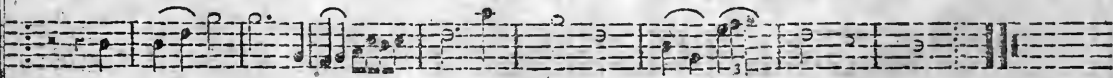
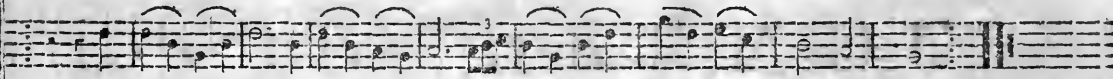
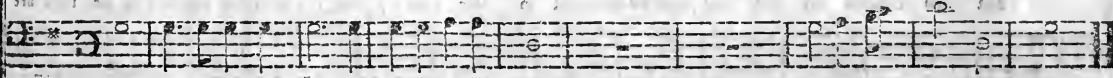
Air.

Pia.

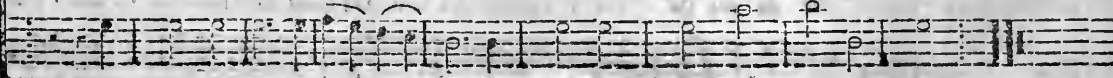
Crescendo.

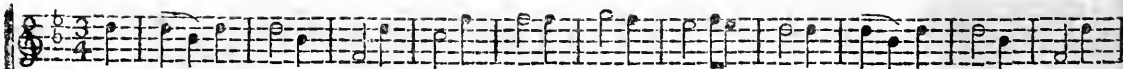


Hark, what celestial notes! What melody we hear! Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the ravish'd ear.

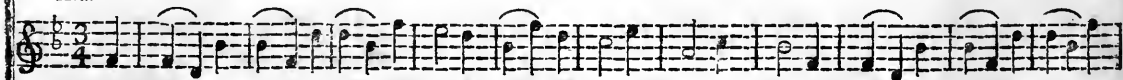


The tuneful shell, The golden lyre, And vocal choir, The concert swell.

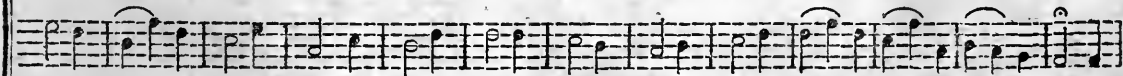
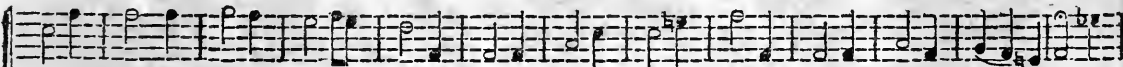
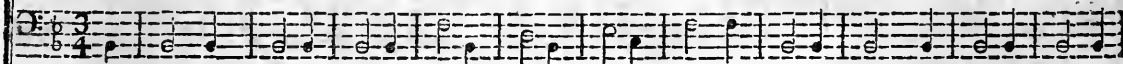




AIR.



Let him embrace my soul, and prove Mine interest in his heav'nly love; The voice which tells me thou art



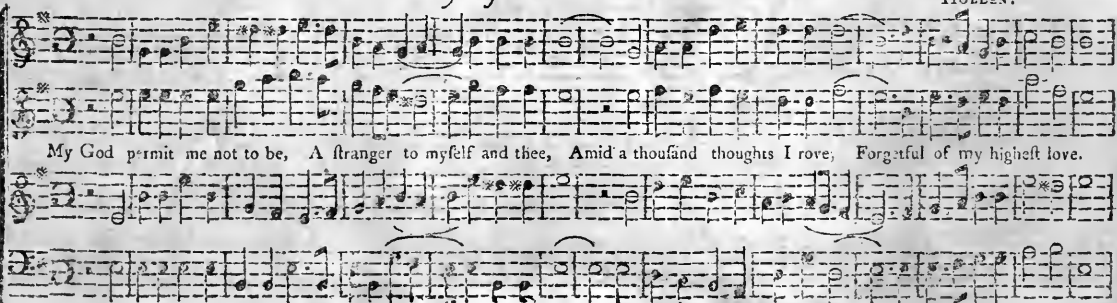
mine, Exceeds the blessings of the vine. On thee th' anointing spirit came, And spread the favour of his name; That

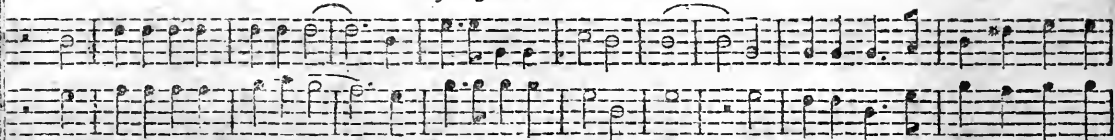




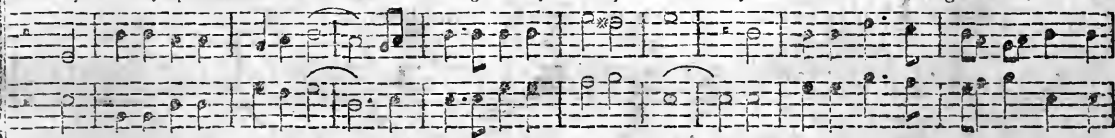
Lynnfield. L. M.

HOLDEN.

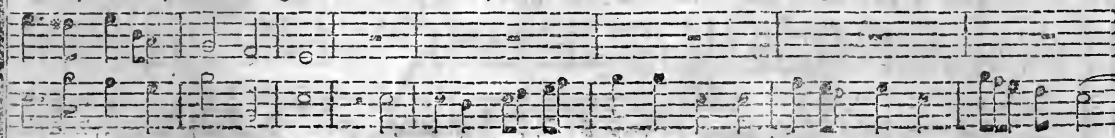


Lynnfield Continued.

Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus disgrace my heav'ly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And



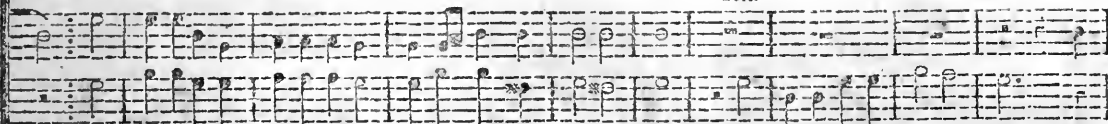
let my God my Saviour go? Call me away from flesh and sense, One sovereign word can call me thence,



Lynnfield Continued.

121

Soft.



I would obey the voice divine. And all inferiour joys resign Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let

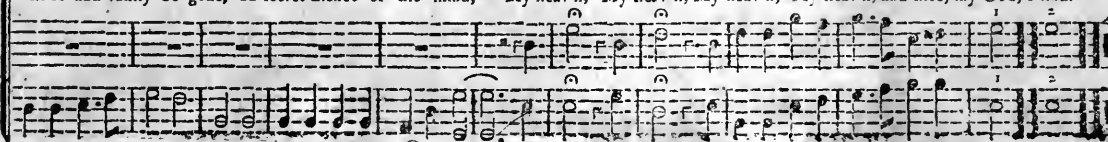


Soft.

Loud.



noise and vanity be gone, In secret silence of the mind, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, and thee, my God, I find.





I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death My days of praise shall ne'er be past While

Praise shall employ my nobler powers,

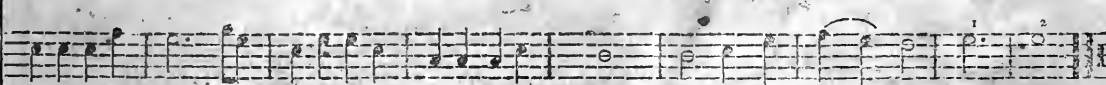
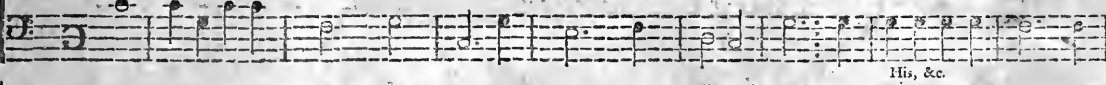
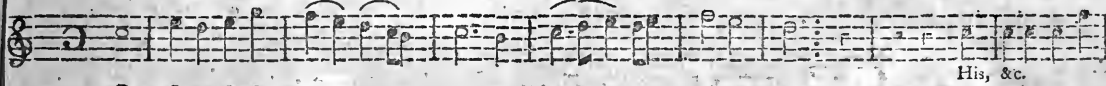
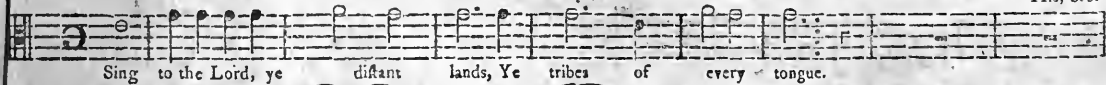
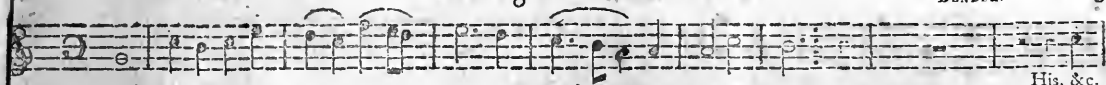


life and thought and being lost, Or immortality endures Or immortality endures.

Scarborough. C. M.

BENDER.

123.



Air.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell ; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And

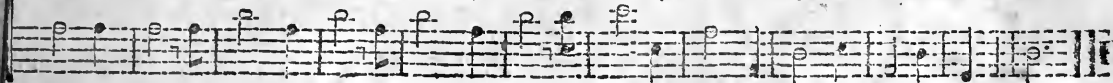
Mozzato.

found it dreadful down to hell, The Lord, how absolute he reigns ! Let every angel bend the knee, Sing

Pia.



of his love in heav'nly strains, In heav'nly strains, In heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be.

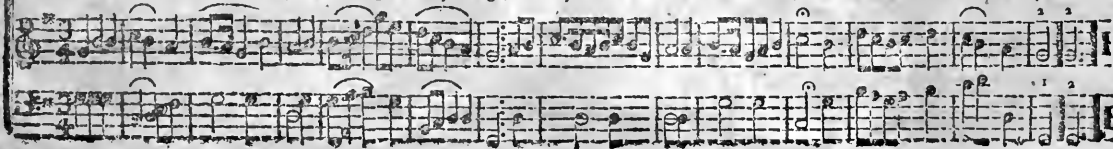


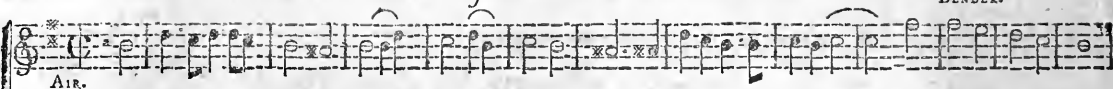
Keene. C. M.

BRUNAP.

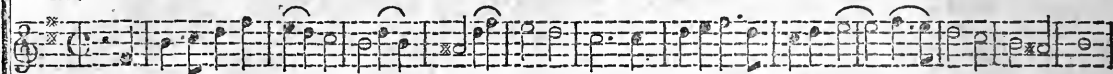


Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly.

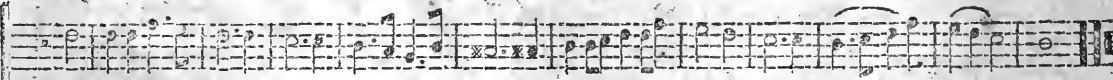
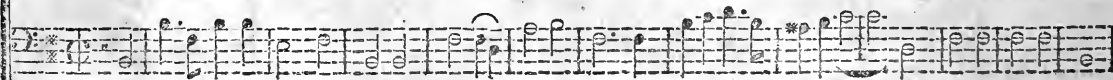




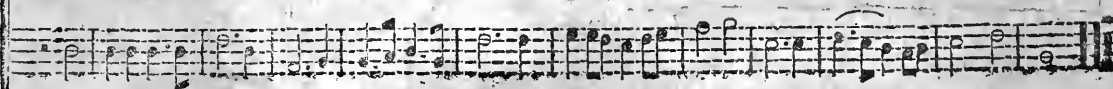
AIR.



Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high To thee will I address my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,



Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his father's throne Our songs and our complaints.





The Lord Jehorah reigns, And royal state maintains; His head with awful glories crown'd; Ar-



ray'd in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.

O God to whom revenge belongs, Thy vengeance now disclose;

Arise, &c.

Arise, thou Judge of all the earth, And crush thy haughty foes, And crush thy haughty foes.

Arise, &c.